

The Pocahontas Times.

Vol. 20 No. 34

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, March 13, 1902

\$1.00 a Year

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Prompt and careful attention
given to all business placed in
their hands.

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joining counties.

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Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Supreme Court of Ap-
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Prompt and careful attention
given to all legal business.

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J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office and residence opposite the
Marlinton Hotel. All calls an-
swered promptly.

L. J. MARSHALL, M.D.
Physician and surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All calls promptly answered.
Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST,

Has located and is ready for
business in the Bank of Marlinton
building, Marlinton, W. Va.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,
Practical Land Surveyor,
Meadow Dale, Virginia.

Maps and Blue Prints a specialty.
Work in Pocahontas County solic-
ited.

A WAR TIME VISIT

Second of a series of Articles from the pen
of Hon. W. H. Ruffner

His Journey from Lewisburg to Rock-
ingham in the Fall of '61. Harrow-
ing Incident in the Family of Robert Moore.

Leaving Lewisburg October 10, 1861, I took the road to Marlinton Bottom, and was soon absorbed in viewing the beauty and fertility of the valley, and the comfortable residences of the people. I dined at Mr. Renick's. In the afternoon I had two mountains before me to cross, Spring Creek and Droop Mountains, whose rocks like on top of the limestone, and are quite different. To this day I have a feeling of recollection of those hard ribs of yellow slate lying across the road with "chuck holes" between, brought into this condition by Lee's wagons on trains. I had broken one of my carriage springs on Sewell, and on Droop the other one snapped. All I could do on reaching Neff's was by the aid of cords and blocks to convert the carriage into a wagon without springs.

Descending Droop Mountain on the 11th of October, I was re-
paid with the beautiful views of Little Levels; whose lovely green hills must have been called levels in contrast with the big hills and mountains around. Locust and Stamping Creeks furnish sweet waters for this elevated basin, and they are said to burst in full volume from the mountain sides. The honey comb rocks which lie strewed along the road here and in the Lewisburg Valley are interesting to the most casual observer, and should be explained in the schools as examples of the metamorphoses in which nature sometimes indulges—to speak materialistically. All these rocks and hills and that bright, gliding Greenbrier River afford endless subjects for the instruction of young and old. And there is that cozy Marlinton Bottom which seemed to invite the traveler to rest. Whether the new town upon it and the steam cars make the spot more attractive, I cannot say.

On my visit in 1861 esthetic sen-
timents were soon driven out by
painful realities. At the Marlinton bridge I struck the line along
which Lee's military operations
were conducted before he went to
Sewell Mountain. The army wagons
from Millboro to Valley Mountain and the wetness of the
season had converted the roads into swamps crossed at intervals
by rock ledges. The rocks often
stalled and sometimes wrecked the
wagons, whilst the almost bottomless mud basins at times swamped
field. Soon after the Colonels moved across the river, and joined Donaldson who was camped on the wagons had to be reduced to
about one-fourth a load.

I soon had a little experience of
my own. Moving in the direction
of Edray (Northwest) not far
above the bridge I came to a de-
ceitful little cut in crossing
which my horse sank to the shafts
and the axle trees sank out of
sight in the soft mud. My noble
horse was considerate enough to
submit without a struggle. For-
tunately I had bought an extra
horse on Meadow River, and had
mounted my negro man upon him.
So that whilst I was sinking in
the mud my man Newton was
building a bridge of poles, by
means of which the carriage was
emptied of its load. Still the horse
could not budge until we lifted the
shafts off of him; when he succeeded
by much plunging in reaching
firmer ground. But there stood
my carriage! What was I to do?
It was not long until I heard the
shout of a wagoner, the cracking
of a whip and the plowing of wagon
wheels. Here comes a Confederate
four horse wagon with a full
load—a full load, mind you, con-
sisting of just three barrels of
flour for Gilham. The wagoner
proved to be a friendly fellow who
no doubt had been in trouble him-
self. He had to keep clear of my
man Newton who got a line of chains
extended from his hind axle-tree
to my carriage by which it was
drawn out.

Two young men were murdered
by the Indians near Edray.

Two women were taken captive
on the farm where Moore was
living. They were taken across
Elk Mountain, beyond which the
party met the two husbands re-
turning home. The men ran so
quickly that they did not discover
their wives in the hands of the Indians.
Reaching home, and finding
that the women were gone, they
went on to Little Levels, to
miles, and raised a company which
pursued the Indians to Elk River.
The retreating party crossed the
river and the water rose behind
them so that the white man made
but little effort to cross, and re-
turned to their homes. One of
the captured women was killed,
and the other escaped and reached
home in safety.

Col. Gilham, of the Virginia Mil-
itary Institute, had a small army
one or two miles beyond, near Ed-
ray, which he had brought from
Valley Mountain, and now was
Lee's rear guard, and also had
charge of the sick on that line.
Gilham taught geology at the Vir-
ginia Military Institute, and on
my reaching his camp, I told him
of my desire to go on with the
geological section which had been
stopped last year at Edray; in
fact that my chief motive in com-
ing there was to get the privilege
of seeing what was on the west
side of Elk Mountain, and that I
wanted him to go with me. His
answer was more abrupt than was
usual with him.

"No, Sir," he said, "I won't go
and you shan't go. I have no desire
to be snatched up by Yankee
scouts, and I don't want you to
be either!"

I was now but a short distance
from the farm of my friend, Robert
Moore, with whom I stayed
just a year before. When I came

in sight of the place I was aston-
ished at the change.

When I visited Mr. Moore's in
the fall of 1860, I found a well-
fenced and well stocked farm on
which was a brick house, plainly
but comfortably furnished, occu-
pied by Mr. and Mrs. Moore, three
grown sons and the wife of one of
the sons; a quiet, industrious, com-
fortable Christian family.

Now the farm was a waste, with
out fences, without live stock, not
even a chicken or a pig. Straw
stacks pulled down for beds, the
fields bare of vegetation, and littered
with the offal and refuse of
camps. The only food supply re-
mainning on the farm was a small
field of corn on a distant part of
the farm, from which corn had
been carried by individuals, and
Col. Gilham's Quartermaster had
just given notice that he wanted it all.

During most of the season Mr
Moore had his house filled with
sick soldiers, who were nursed
kindly without compensation.

Col. Gilham had fixed his camp
away from the house, and his men
were under good discipline.

When I entered Mr. Moore's house
in the twilight the family except the
daughter-in-law, who was in bed with typhoid fever, were sitting around a small fire in
dead silence, looking like spectres.
They scarcely noticed me when I
came in. The old fathe

THE OLD AFRICAN CHURCH

Of Richmond, Virginia, in Anti-Bellum
Days.

The Members of this Church Numbered
Thousands, and was in Charge
of a White Minister. Blind Tom,
the Black Musical Genius, Played
in this Church.

The old African church was not
imposing at first sight; it did not
scare high toward the sky, and yet was
realty a very substantial brickbuilding,
thousands; built somewhat in the
form of a Grecian cross, one side
as long as the other: it covered a
wide extent of ground. During a
portion of my childhood I lived just
below it on Broad Street and
saw the immense sable congregation
that met there every Sunday afternoons
to hear the sermon from that
brick church. With the peculiar
indulgence that Virginians were
accustomed to give negro slaves in
certain customs that became as fixed
as the laws of the Medes and
Persians, it was settled that one side
of the street should be wholly relinquished for hours to
the outgoing colored congregation.
And the "members" made the most of it: all along the side
walk collected little knots of
"brethren" talking most earnestly
together on the subject of religion—the sermon just heard or
personal pious experiences; plus
along among them you would hear
no worldly chattering; it was wholly
spiritual conversation, and surely this
was a good thing of a Sunday afternoon.
Such singing, too, as echoed from the walls of
the old African Church! Negroes
generally sing, and the voices at
that church were trained well—they
sang with the spirit and with
understanding. It was no less a
musical composer and critic than
the great Lowell Mason, who said
that he had met with his life
time of music only two perfect
choirs, and one of these was the
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